

ANNE IVES Mascot

By H. M. EGBERT

Illustrations by O. IRWIN MYERS

(Copyright 1913 by W. G. Channing
(Continued from yesterday.)

"You swear to give the government no warning about Leopold before your departure?" he asked, cringing before me. "You will allow him the six days in which to flee?"

"He can go to the ends of the earth for all I care," I responded. "I do not want vengeance upon him, miserable scoundrel that he is. Leave him to the future. Some day his evil deeds will recoil on him. Come, you agree?"

Magnif drew in a deep sigh and submitted.

"I accept," he answered. "But mademoiselle, you will remember that the bonds are mine?"

"Assuredly," I answered.

He stumbled weakly from my presence and out of the room. The woman seized my hands again and kissed them passionately.

"At Scouting, off the coast of Corsica," she whispered. "He will go with you eagerly, if he is promised immunity."

"And what is your reward?" I asked curiously.

The woman looked at me strangely.

"Is it not enough that I shall see my man again and win him from that woman who stole his heart from me?" she asked, with pathetic dignity. "You do not understand, lady? Ah, but when you are married—then you will know."

She followed Magnif out of the room.

Within an hour my mail had been formally accepted and I was at liberty. Magnif obtained a heavy interview with the Minister of War, at which immunity for Zeuxis was promised, in case he should offer satisfactory evidence against the principal conspirator, whose name the banker did not divulge. Magnif was a power in France, and his word was ample.

The sun was not yet high when I walked out of my prison doors. I had seen nobody; the magic of Magnif's word had sufficed to set me free. After all, though so much had been done, the government had no special interest in me. They were sure that they had in Charles the real traitor; I was but an accessory, and they shrewdly surmised, I think, that I was to turn state's evidence and bring the rest of the confederates to justice.

The trial had been set for Monday week, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. This was Friday. Each hour now was of incalculable value. The scheme appeared preposterous. But I had flown in Canada, until I was fairly sure of myself, and with Charles I had soared triumphantly in his aeroplane in England, seeking the regions of the sun, high above our competitors, we two together. I knew how staunch and true the winged vessel was; I knew which levers controlled each of her movements; and at Clichy we had made several excursions. I had a confidence now that was almost superstitious in the success of my desperate undertaking.

Would that I could have told him! But he was too closely guarded; even Magnif, with all his power, had been denied admission to him.

I caught a train back to Clichy, arriving toward the middle of the afternoon. It was a sad home-coming. A curious crowd watched me descend at the little railroad station, and a newspaper correspondent (I learned afterward that my movements had been watched by a whole corps of newspaper men and government spies since I left the fortress) snapped his camera in my face. But one learns to be tolerant of these things when one's whole mind is set on a single desire.

The crowd followed me to the gates of the chateau. Only there did they leave me.

And then, for the second time, I received an object lesson in the bearing of a French nobleman and noblewoman. The old butler who admitted me stared at me as if I had been a newly risen ghost, and his knees trembled as he ushered me into the room in which my grandfather and Charles' mother sat. She was sewing busily; the old man, at his writing desk, was drafting some form of document, a pitiful, dignified petition, I believe, to the government on behalf of Charles, setting forth the stainless honor of their race throughout five centuries. But when I entered they rose and came forward to greet me as calmly as though Charles was absent upon a personal errand in Paris and were soon to return.

And their first words were of congratulation upon my engagement! The papers had been full of it, it appeared. The notary before whom we had appeared, swilling with self-importance, had run with his evidence to the government.

"You will make Charles a good wife, my dear," said his mother, kissing me. "What was could have a fair inheritance for him. Clichy must go, but at least the family will be perpetuated."

"It is fate brought you to us," said the old Comte. He had grown even feebler during the brief interval of

my absence. It seemed to me; the shock had told perceptibly upon him. "It is fate brought you to us," he repeated. "to be the consolation of my old age and the hope of the d'Yves."

Then we began talking of Charles, and, as briefly as possible, since there was not time for emotion, I laid bare the story of our arrest, placing special emphasis upon the fact that the conspiracy was breaking down.

And then I laid before them the plan that I had formed, of flying to Corsica, and, to my astonishment, they both fell in with it immediately. But, though I could never doubt their love for me, their eagerness for my safety, the family, as ever in France, ranked paramount in their eyes. It seems strange now, as I look back on it, this persistent clinging of theirs to the old ways and duties of past ages in face of modern change. But it did not seem strange then.

"You have flown in England," said the old Comte enthusiastically, "and here the winds are no less favorable. Your act will be no more, in its peculiar way, than other women of our line have done. It is not for Charles alone that you will offer up your life to the gods of the air, Anne, but for the race, for the long line of the d'Yves. And I know that you will succeed. God has not sent you to us in so miraculous a way, and guarded you through such great dangers, that you should fail now. You will return at the appointed time," he continued, his eyes flashing as he paced up and down the room, "and you will save Charles from the hands of his enemies. The battle has been long—but it has been shorter than the wars of the Fronde. We have suffered much—Richelieu persecuted us more harshly, and yet Clichy has never fallen. I almost believe," he ended, "that you will live to inherit Clichy and to restore its fortunes, and hand it down to our descendants."

But when I urged that I should start that night neither would he hear of it.

"Tomorrow at dawn," said the practical mother of Charles. "What you would gain in time you would lose in strength. You must conserve your energies. Now we will have supper, and afterward we will discuss our plans."

I had stopped to purchase a map before returning, and after the meal we opened it and perused over it. My first course, on the morrow, we estimated, would pass through Troyes and end at Dijon, where I should replenish my gasoline tank and stay over night. Sunday would see me through Lyon and along the Rhone to Avignon. Thence, on the Monday, I should strike east over the Basses-Alpes and the Alpes Maritimes to Monaco; and on the Tuesday there would be the perilous sea flight of two hundred odd miles to Corsica, along the coast for fifty miles to Scuto. At best, I could reach Scuto by Tuesday evening; and this would leave me but a single day of four and twenty hours in which to persuade Zeuxis to return with me.

That night I went out to the shed in which the monoplane rested and looked at her. For one moment, as I gazed, a terrible fear overcame me. Next moment something of the brave spirit of the machine entered into my heart and inspired me with its own power. There she floated, as it almost seemed, so strong and yet so graceful, with her enormous spread of wings outstretched beneath the roof of the hangar. I took my seat, and at once the memory of her control came back to me. I placed my hands upon the levers, and to each slightest touch the mechanism responded. I tested the motor; it worked admirably. After I was satisfied I descended and bade the ancient servant fill the tank with gasoline. There was nothing to do now until the morning.

A letter had come for me from Canada, having been forwarded from London. I glanced at the superscription without enthusiasm and tore open the envelope. It was from Mary Jenner, and dated from Winnipeg three weeks before. The weather had been stifling, she wrote, but, thank heaven, the school term was ended. A party of the teachers was going to Europe, including herself, and Mr. Spatt, whom she characterized as an "odious little persecutor." Mary intimated that he had transferred his volatile affections from myself to her, and that she detested him. She hoped that I had met my kinsmen and had gone to visit them at the chateau, and hoped to see me soon—perhaps sooner than I expected, were the words she used.

After Mary Jenner, with whom I had cooked so many midnight suppers in our tiny apartment, and sworn undying friendship, was the least of my thoughts just now.

CHAPTER IX.

The Flight to Corsica.
(In which I ride the monoplane again, with divers adventures by the way.)

To fly from Paris to an island off the coast of Corsica, there search for an unwilling witness, and bring him home with me within ten days, was not an adventure that could be regarded lightly. It is small wonder, then, that my sleep on that eventful Friday night was a troubled one. In the brief intervals of unconsciousness that I enjoyed I seemed to be perpetually riding through the air, like a witch on a broomstick, while behind me thundered legions of the damned, shrieking in the seat of the chase. And one demon, with the head and leering features of Leopold Magnif, headed me off, forced me out of my course, while below I saw Charles writhing in bonds, crying to me appealingly—and always helplessly. When I awoke for the last time toward dawn it was to find Charles' mother standing beside me in her dressing robe.

"It is time to prepare for your journey, dear," she whispered.

(Continued Monday Afternoon.)

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TODAY'S LIVE NEWS OF SHINE STATE

KOEHLER CONSENTS TO GIVE OUT A FEW FACTS

Usually Reticent Publicity Man of State Exposition Commission Falls for the wiles of an El Paso Reporter

A. E. Koehler, Jr., publicity agent for the state exposition commission, has broken the clammy silence which usually envelops him like a fog and in some unaccountable manner has permitted himself to be tricked into talking for publication. This is so unusual in Koehler that it is likely to cause statewide comment and may result in losing him his job under Ed. Teitelbaum, chairman of the commission, whose well known aversion to publicity is one of his distinguishing characteristics. The El Paso Times is responsible for the downfall of Koehler in the following way:

"No, we have made no effort to keep it a secret. New Mexico will have an exhibit at the San Diego exposition next year," said A. E. Koehler, Jr., last night.

"Speaking truthfully, as well as for publication, I may say that we propose to make this exhibit one that will attract and hold the attention of the thousands of visitors expected at the southwest corner of these United States next year," continued Mr. Koehler, who is a former El Paso newspaper man and therefore entitled to full faith and credit.

"The exhibit will be housed in one of the most beautiful buildings on earth, a replica of the ancient Franciscan mission church at Pecos, over a century older than the California missions, and will consist of a complete showing of the resources of the state, agricultural, horticultural and mineral."

"The mineral exhibit alone will be worth a fortune, and is now being gathered by President Payette A. Jones of the New Mexico School of Mines."

"Moving pictures will play a prominent part in the display. For months we have had experienced camera men going up and down the state picturing the various activities of its people and magnificent scenery. The building of the Elephant Butte dam will be shown, with its 1200 workmen building the wall that is to hold the waters that will turn 150,000 desert acres into a paradise. The recent equipment of the national guard and the regular army soldiers at Deming will also be shown. A pageant by the school children of the state, showing the progress of the country since the dawn of history, is another feature. In this pageant children from every county in the state participate, the scenes being staged in mountain and canyon, on plains, desert, smiling meadows and city street, wherever, in fact, the needed background is at hand."

"Just now I am en route to Alamogordo to take a moving picture of the Sacramento mountain railroad between that point and Cloudcroft. The El Paso & Southwestern road will provide a special train, consisting of a flat car to be pushed by an engine up the steep grade to the top of the mountains."

"The people of New Mexico have been exceedingly liberal in the matter of the exhibition. The state legislature appropriated \$20,000, which served as a nucleus of the fund. Every board of county commissioners has made a special appropriation every year, and almost without exception every business concern has contributed toward the fund. The railroads, too, have been generous and everyone expects New Mexico to reap a harvest of new settlers as a result of the publicity."

"No, we are not keeping it dark, and you may mention that the Elephant Butte dam is the greatest irrigation project on earth and that New Mexico offers the greatest opportunities for settlers of any commonwealth in the nation. Why, people, some thirty thousand of them have even emigrated there from Texas in the past few years."

Mr. Koehler, according to the card which he modestly presented to the reporter, is "Commissioner of Publicity for the New Mexico Board of Exposition Managers, San Diego—1914. Santa Fe, N. M."

HEARING AT TUCUMCARI ON DISBARMENT CASES

(Special Dispatch to Evening Herald)
Santa Fe, N. M., Aug. 10.—Assistant Attorney General R. L. Grimshaw left today for Tucumcari, where he will appear for the state at the hearing of Attorneys Dixon and Moore, cited by the state for disbarment proceedings upon complaints brought several weeks ago.

ASQUITH HOPES FOR HOME RULE SETTLEMENT

London, Aug. 10.—(5:30 p. m.)—On moving the adjournment of the house of commons for a fortnight Premier Asquith this evening intimated he was hopeful that in the interval he might be able to make proposals regarding Irish home rule which would meet with something like a general acquiescence in the solution of the question.

BIG CUT IN WAGES AND PRODUCTION IN ARIZONA

Huge Copper Producers of Southern Part of State Cut Force in Order to Meet Conditions of War Market.

Douglas, Ariz., Aug. 10.—After a conference of managers of the mining enterprises in Bisbee yesterday it was determined on what basis copper production will be continued in that district. Much alarm had been felt because of the total shutdown of the mining enterprises in Montana and the world from the (Globe district) the Miami and Inspiration would cut their forces and production 50 per cent, hence the action of the Bisbee companies has been received with much satisfaction.

There will be a reduction of 10 per cent in the wages of all men working on day wage.

The Copper Queen, Consolidated Mining company will lay off between 400 and 500 men as previously announced.

The Calumet & Arizona company will make a reduction of 25 per cent in its force.

The Shattuck Arizona Copper company will lay off about 150 men. This company has not reached a decision at this time concerning a change in wages.

Walter Douglas, managing director of Phelps-Dodge & Company, said:

"The straight reduction of 10 per cent in wages is due to the extraordinary financial conditions brought about by the European war. This condition lays a crushing burden on the copper market. In so far as the sale of metal is concerned, there is no market. There is not even any quotation on copper. The metal can not be given away. Production in all of the copper mines operated by Phelps-Dodge & Company will be reduced 25 per cent."

"Copper statistics for the past few months disclose that of all of the copper produced in this country, 75 per cent was exported to Europe and only 25 per cent was sold for home consumption. These facts furnish a graphic picture of what the absolute closing down of the European markets means. Consequently, the only way that the companies can continue to operate at all is by paying operating expenses out of surplus. This policy will be undertaken in the hope that the metal may be sold later at a price above the present cost of production."

MANY EDUCATORS IN CONFERENCE AT SANTA FE

County School Superintendents and Heads of State Institutions Meet at Call of State Superintendent White

(Special Dispatch to Evening Herald)
Santa Fe, N. M., Aug. 10.—The conference of educators called by State Superintendent Alvin N. White and opened here today has brought together many county school superintendents and heads of several of the state institutions to take up matters of importance to the general cause of effective school work in the state. Among the county school superintendents attending are Mrs. W. A. Guinn of Lincoln county, Miss Grace Goodell of Luna county, Atanacio Montoya of Bernalillo, G. L. Bert of Taos, W. L. Bishop of Gallup, Gallegos of Guadalupe, Hoover of Tucuman, Dr. Frank H. H. Roberts of the Las Vegas Normal, O. Z. Zing, superintendent of the El Rito Normal, and many others. The conference will continue tomorrow.

THOSE SUDDEN TWINGES Bring Suffering to Many an Albuquerque Reader.

Pain is nature's signal of distress. A warning not to be ignored. Those sharp twinges in the back—those sudden, stab-like pains when stooping—

Are frequent signs of kidney trouble.

To remove kidney pains, you must assist the kidneys.

Use a tested and proven kidney remedy.

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Read Albuquerque testimony.

J. J. Ryan, 323 N. Broadway, Albuquerque, says: "I had noticed for some time that my kidneys weren't acting as they should. The jar of riding on a wagon and heavy lifting weakened them. I had sharp twinges in the small of my back. My head ached and I had dizzy spells. I got Doan's Kidney Pills after a neighbor had given a public statement, telling how they had cured him of kidney complaint. One box was all I needed for a permanent cure."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Ryan had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

SPLENDID DISPLAY OF MOVIES TAKEN AROUND PORTALES

Roosevelt County Will Have One of Notable Reels in the State's Picture Show at San Diego.

Santa Fe, N. M., Aug. 10.—Typical of the publicity and of the character of pictures that are being taken by the New Mexico exposition commission for these counties that have voted funds to assist the commission in making an adequate display at San Diego of the New Mexico resources, advantages and opportunities, are those filmed by Moving Picture Operator Chase Bell a few days ago at Portales, these being in addition to the educational pictures and the views snapped on educational daily day last Friday.

1. Parade up Colorado avenue passing in front of the court house and going toward the depot, giving a clear idea of the type of citizenship of Roosevelt county.

2. Panorama of the immense crowd on the sidewalk in front of the courthouse, demonstrating that in places where only a few years ago prairie dogs and jack rabbits were the only denizens, there are now thousands of prosperous empire builders and public buildings of a substantial nature.

3. Picking cantaloupes on the farm of Carl Mueller, demonstrating that the desert can be turned into farms producing abundantly. This farm shipped 1800 crates of melons last year from land that a few years ago was deemed worth ten cents an acre. This year, on this farm there are 45 acres in cantaloupes, yielding 150 crates to the acre. Water for irrigation is furnished by a motor-driven pumping plant on the farm.

This one picture alone will bring into Roosevelt county hundreds of prosperous farmers willing to pay double what land now commands and repaying the country a thousandfold the appropriation it made to advertise itself at San Diego.

4. Baling alfalfa on the farm of J. B. Priddy, the water being furnished by a motor-driven pumping plant on the farm. It shows vividly how soil and energy are turned into dollars in New Mexico's dry farming sections.

5. Picture of the well on the Converse farm showing construction work just being completed and in background land prepared for alfalfa. The well throws 1250 gallons per minute and the picture shows the amount of time required from the time the four o'clock starter begins to turn the current into the motor until a full stream of water is obtained out of the pipe.

6. Picture showing one of the two 750-horsepower horizontal gas engines in the central generating station of the Portales Power and Irrigation company. This power plant distributes electrical current over 75 miles of transmission lines and is now handling about 75 to 80 directly connected pumping plants. The plant has capacity for 15,000 acres and the average pumping lift is only 35 feet including draw down. This is the largest gas producer gas engine installation in the world exclusively handling irrigation by pumping.

7. Forty-acre farm of Dr. Bailey in the foreground. The marvelous growth of all crops, practically hiding the house, is shown. There is another farm scene in the background, the crops being kafir and Indian corn, milo maize, sorghum cane, alfalfa, sweet potatoes, cantaloupes and musk melons, the crops in the foreground growing between young orchard trees.

8. View of another motor-driven well, illustrating the amount of time required for starting up. This well throws between 1200 and 1300 gallons of water per minute. All the water in the Portales valley is clear and pure and good to taste.

9. View of Buchanan brothers' place, showing alfalfa seeded last year in the foreground; feed crops in the distance; buildings and orchard on the right with intensive crops between the trees, consisting of sweet potatoes, cantaloupes, onions, sugar beets and garden truck.

10. Picture of the handsome Portales railroad station and the busy traffic employees. All the express and refrigerator trains from the Pacific coast to the east pass here, including the fastest transcontinental train in America from Chicago to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Of course, the county that misses this unparalleled opportunity to advertise itself is certain to fall behind the next decade or two as compared with the counties like Roosevelt which are making the best of this chance of a generation to place themselves before the world as an enterprising section that offers opportunities to capital and enterprise.

PERSONAL

Excelsior Lodge, No. 1, Degree of Honor, will meet in regular session tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock, in A. O. U. hall. Refreshments will be served and all members are requested to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Glom and their two children plan to start on a trip to Italy tomorrow. They have planned for an extensive visit abroad.

Regular state session of Ballot Abey Temple, A. A. O. N. M. E., this evening at 8 o'clock. A full attendance is desired. Visiting members welcome.

Samuel W. Sandmeyer, a special agent of the census bureau, Washington, arrived in the city today to get statistics from county and city officials.

Charles Vanachen of Bibo, Arizona, and Mrs. Julia Lagron, of this city, took out a marriage license in the office of County Clerk A. E. Walker today. So did Lloyd Allen Peck, of Denver, and Nannie Fern Creel, of this city.

CUBA MERCHANT USES HOUSEKEEPER FOR A PUNCHING BAG

(Special Correspondence to the Herald)

Cuba, N. M., Aug. 8.—J. A. Scott of the Cuba Cash store of this place, this morning attacked Mrs. Frances Bean, his partner and housekeeper, who is also postmistress at this place, while she was preparing his breakfast, and gave her a severe beating. Mrs. Bean's face is badly disfigured as well as having several cuts and bruises about the head and neck. What action will be taken has not yet been made public.

Scott came here a few years ago. Scott came here a few years ago and here and J. A. Salazar in their sawmills. Later Mrs. Bean came and since has been housekeeping for him. She became postmistress in December, 1912, and put in a small stock of goods from which together they have developed the Cuba Cash store.

HAMILTON IN NEW YORK MAKES THINGS HUM IN MOVIES CIRCLES

The Photoplayers' Weekly of Los Angeles in the current number received here today has the following:

G. P. Hamilton, president and general manager of the Albuquerque Film Manufacturing company, Inc., is not only a very busy man nowadays, but a very happy one, because of the many good things that are coming out of the company.

Mr. Hamilton, vice president of the Albuquerque Film Manufacturing company, Inc., who reached New York City Monday, and who reports that the product of said company is receiving commendation wherever shown. Arrangements have been concluded with a most reliable firm to handle the comedy releases of the company, and when we take into consideration the fact that Miss Dot Farley will write the stories and handle the comedy leads in Mr. Hamilton's productions, it is not sufficient that great work will be done, and in their latest comedy production, "Soul Mates," just completed, Miss Farley

was ably supported by Mr. Geo. (Ruck) Contora, whose impersonation of the homely ranchman who at last secures a soul mate, gave both Miss Farley and Mr. Contora splendid scope for their rare ability.

Their great three reel Indian picture entitled "The Last of the Red Men" will be shown in Los Angeles about August 31st, and their classic western drama, "The Price of Crime," is to be released August 31st.

Miss Farley has entirely recovered from her escape from a watery grave, and is a very busy woman preparing her next story.

Mr. Archer McMackin is making himself very popular and valuable, and his productions make even Hamilton laugh, and that's "going some," for Hamilton, like Martin Beck, the general manager of the great triphum circuit, engages no comedian who can not make Martin laugh. Believe me—no joke.



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